

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

## POETRY.

### COMFORT.

A single word is a little thing,  
But a soul may be dying before your eyes  
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,  
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,  
But a heart may be starving for just one glance.  
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall  
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear  
To catch some tale of the richest man bestow;  
For man may be fainting beside the here,  
For longing to share their woes.

These gifts no silver nor gold may buy,  
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow;  
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,  
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

## STORE TELLER.

### Deaf, but not Dumb.

WHAT A PAIR OF PATENT EAR DRUMS  
REVEALED.

(Continued from last week.)

"Have you confessed your secret?" he asked as soon as we were out of hearing.

"I have had no opportunity as yet," I replied, feeling humbled in spite of myself at the confession. Then, as the recollection of what I had heard occurred to me, I exclaimed impulsively: "Oh, Mr. Peyton, what shall I do? I feel like a culprit or one who has taken something to which he has no right. Am I sailing under false colors, or have I as good a right as another to use my ears and my recovered hearing? This true I have heard little that is pleasant, but ought I to remove the ear-drums until I have confessed to their possession? I feel confused and unable to judge for myself. Certainly it is pleasant to hear, but in hearing more than is intended for me is it not cowardly and base?"

Mr. Peyton looked at me in astonishment. "Somebody has wounded you, poor child," he said, bitterly. "What has happened?"

"Nothing—it is no matter," I said, regretting on second thought that I had spoken so passionately.

He did not urge the matter, but gave me a long reproachful look as we entered the conservatory. A rustic chair was at hand, and in this he placed me, remarking as he did so: "I brought you here to have a good chat, but you seem sadly dispirited and weary. Let me get you something; a cup of coffee will do you good."

Until he spoke I did not remember that I had eaten nothing since noon. The tea my aunt had sent me remained untasted on the table where the maid had placed it. I had felt no desire for it then; but now I was indeed faint, and accepted his offer gratefully.

He was gone, and the next moment I was once more alone. The conservatory was divided through the middle by a row of terraced plants, and in the stillness I now heard voices in conversation directly opposite from where I sat.

"You do not seem anxious to hasten to the side of your returned sweetheart; have you seen her yet?"

"Miss Waring, you mean? No, I have not seen her." Then in a lower tone. "By Jove: how impossible it is for you to let a man forget!"

My heart seemed turned to stone at the sound of the familiar voices. Clarence Dexter was there, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," calmly discussing me with my cousin Minerva. "But," interrupted Minerva, in a bantering tone, "why should you wish to forget? Surely it ought to be a pleasure to talk to her once again."

"Pleasure, indeed," echoed the young man, gloomily; "to bellow sweet nothings into her listening ears; to shriek out assurances of unalterable devotion in a voice that vies with the roar of Niagara in depth and intensity. Have you no pity for a misguided wretch that you can recommend him to hasten to his doom? When I bade her good-by I reflected whether I should hurl myself before the train or jump from the bridge in my anguish of soul, but then I reflected that in neither case would the house of Dexter be benefited by the transaction, so I reconsidered before doing anything so rash. Besides, I have very little taste for high tragedy."

Minerva was laughing maliciously at his piquant recital, while my cheeks flamed and blazed with righteous indignation. I had heard enough. I tore the ear-drums from my ears and hurled them across the conservatory; then raising and trembling with sup-

pressed anger I confronted my astonished and treacherous foes. I do not know what I said, nor did I hear their servile and contemptible replies, for in that moment not a sentiment of regret or self-pity stirred my heart—only a sense of outrage and a feeling of relief that a villain was unmasked before it was too late.

When Mr. Peyton returned with the coffee he found me leaning against the terrace in an inexplicable state of excitement, which I persistently refused to explain. But months afterwards, when he had stood by me faithfully through all the troubles that followed that unhappy night, he got the whole story from me, even to the fate of the artificial ear-drums, which were rescued by the maid from the floor of the conservatory, and which, before we were married, I consented once more to replace.

## GLADSTONE AS AN ORATOR.

You cannot realize the liberal chief, or form a picture of the man, solely through a study of his interminable speeches, books, pamphlets, letters, and postcards. You must see him in the flesh—upon the platform, indoors, and out of doors, in the House of Commons, in opposition to the left of the Speaker, or lolling with the air of an invalid upon the Treasury Bench. There, in office, sits the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons, stretched out with his legs straight before him and his toes turned up to the glass ceiling. His scant gray hair clings like a fringe of foam about the base of his great skull. His eyes are closed. The powerful features, touched with a tinge of sweetness and overworn with half a century of politics, mutely engender pity. His ill-fitting clothes hang loosely about his figure, always lithe and active in motion, and with the free stride of a wild thing of the woods. So tired seems the Premier reposing upon the Treasury Bench, that the pitiful heart goes forth to the old warrior of the state, plainly wearing himself out in his country's service.

So, seeming as if felled from want of sleep, he lies in wait. The men on the other side gird at his government. Mr. Gorst pelts him with the pebbles of perennal blame, Lord Randolph Churchill, light and agile as a bull-fighter, stings his broad hide with pointed darts, and Sir Stafford Northcote, from the opposite corner of the gangway by the mace, says the most disagreeable things with an amount of bluntness which might put Ah Sin to the blush. Then the lax figure, which seemed to sleep, suddenly sits bolt upright, chin in the air and hands clasping his knees. And now the tribe of draughtsmen, who evolve portraits of Mr. Gladstone—with the aid of photographs—out of their inner consciousness, might observe that there are only three fingers on the left hand; the first finger is no longer there; the knuckle being concealed with a circular black patch kept in its place by a narrow black ribbon drawn back and front of the palm. All traces of fatigue pass away as the eyes, large and luminous, keen and gray, rest with anger upon the enemy. The nostrils dilate, the lips—still close—upon impatiently, the body leans forward, the hands glide upon the knees pressed outward. In a moment Mr. Gladstone is upon his feet! Say it is a field night, and that he has come from some political reception. He wears evening clothes and a flower. And when he comes down to the House decorated with the spoils of the garden, the reporters sharpen their pencils, and members wait about the lobbies to hear him. By what process the Liberal chief rumples the fronts of his dress-shirts is a secret as close as that of the age of the world. With a couple of quick steps he comes the despatch-box at the corner of the table, and for an instance beams upon the House. Then he opens the flood-gates of his oratory, and deluges the Commons with superb eloquence. The timbre of his voice is delightful, gliding, mellow, dropping to the soft sound of wind-stirred reeds by the river, rising to the full volume of the storm beating and belling the sails of a ship at sea. In the heat and passion of debate Mr. Gladstone does not respect persons, but rends friends and foes alike. In his eyes it is assuredly a sin to differ from him in opinion, even though his enemies' thoughts were his own of the previous day.

Not content to play the general, he must needs shoulder a musket, march with the baggage, and on occasion help to drag the guns up hill and take his turn at sentinel duty. He will leap to his feet to answer the most trivial question, and wrestle with the merest fledgling of the chamber. He attributes too much consequence to small persons; and sometimes the impulse seizes him to strike at and crush them. All his greatness, all his virtues notwithstanding, his love of applause amounts to a foible. The noise of cheering stirs his heart as with the sound of a trumpet. That he is a great statesman and a great speaker, is admitted on all hands, but that his oratorical style might with advantage be less diffuse, is best known to those whose duty to their constituents keeps them most often in their places in parliament. No man living excels him in a Budget speech. He is master of detail, and deals with complicated accounts with wonderful clearness and precision. He is, however, at his worst and his most verbose when answering questions.

Like all orators of the impassioned type, Mr. Gladstone is sometimes carried away by his enthusiasm. In dealing with finance, he is, however, a model of lucidity. All his facts and figures are arranged with business-like precision. A consummate master of detail, he can, at the same time, invest the ordinarily dry subject of supply with literary grace, and impose a tax with the manner of a bard reciting a ballad. I have heard him speak several hundreds of times, and have carefully studied his several styles; for the Liberal chief has many methods adapted to various occasions. No living parliamentary leader possesses an equal power of giving renewed life and energy to a flagging debate. When, as will occasionally happen, his followers seem to be getting the worst of the wordy encounter, he can at any moment, by the sheer force of a commanding and compelling eloquence, turn the tide of battle and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Likewise he can be a master of reticence.—"Scenes in the Common."

## SUCCESS.

There are a great many young men and young women graduated from our public schools and colleges, a great majority of whom must go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of those young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them desire to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is, at least, one way by which success may ordinarily be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor, you should seek to be the best doctor in your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you must be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order, at the most convenient time, and at a fair price. Yours should be the neatest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in Bowery, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper Institute now stands. A man came into his store one day and said,—

"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I will sell it to you for two thousand dollars."

Upon inquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate which forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself,—

"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I will try."

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the processes by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments; superintending every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What Peter Cooper did with his

glue, Gillot did with pens, Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with the scales; if you succeed fairly and honestly, you must do with something.

## The Century-Plant.

Said a well-known florist to a reporter yesterday, in response to the query whether he ever saw a century-plant in bloom: "Only once, and that was a great many years ago, in a conservatory in London, when a plant, generally supposed to have attained the age of one hundred years, began to show signs of life by sending out a stem in the center, which grew from seven to eight inches daily. It at once began to attract general attention. The stem grew larger every day. The plant was moved from to place, for the glass was not high enough, until, as a last resort, it was placed under the cupola. Before many days the stem reached the cupola roof, and in order that its progress might not be retarded, the glass was removed and the roof raised. When the stem had attained a height of about forty-five feet, if I remember rightly, it stopped growing, and numerous small branches grew out of the main stem, each of which was topped with a cluster of magnificent greenish-yellow flowers, forming a solid bush of beautiful flowers of about ten feet in height. It seemed to me all London flocked to see that flower, and that it was the topic of conversation everywhere."

"Is it a fact that they bloom only every one hundred years?"

"That's a mistaken idea, which has long ago been exploded. The American aloe, or century plant, as it is commonly known, will sometimes bloom when but twenty-five years old. It altogether depends upon the climate and the care. At times it will not bloom unless it has attained the age of one hundred years; but there are not many aloes in northern climates which attain such an age."

"Are they a popular house-plant in this region?"

"Yes; they are growing in popularity every year, but, as a rule, people do not know how to treat them, and the consequence is that they die before they are any kind of an ornament."

"What do you consider a proper mode of treatment of the plant?"

"In the first place they must be placed in a wooden pot, pail or keg—earthenware pots are liable to be injurious. Before planting them it is essential that the drainage should be perfect—say three large round holes at the bottom—and before placing the earth in the vessel a quantity of broken crockery or pebbles at the bottom will improve its drainage. It also requires constant watering, and a great deal of care and attention."

"Will a century plant bloom more than once?"

"No sir, after the disappearance of the flowers the plant withers and dies, and no care in the world will save it."—*Cleveland Herald.*

## A Butter Test.

"By that I mean I convince my customers that I don't sell oleomargarine," said a white aproned butterman, pointing to two china sauce boats that stood in a conspicuous place on his counter in the Farmers' market. In each sauce boat lay a coil of common lampwick, one end of which hung out of the nose of the vessel. "Now," said the dealer, pointing to two firkins, "one of those contained oleomargarine, made in Connecticut and the other holds salt-packed butter from Ohio. See if you can detect the genuine from the imitation." The reporter tried and failed. In flavor, smell and appearance, they were identical.

The butterman continued: "The oleomargarine will deceive nine buyers out of ten, but I will expose it for you." He dropped a lump of the oleomargarine as large as an egg into a tin cup, and in another cup he placed a similar sized piece of the salt packed. The cups were held over a blazing little charcoal furnace until their contents were melted. Then the oleomargarine was poured in one sauceboat and the butter in the other. The wicks were lighted. Both burned readily, and the burning butter sent up a faint and pleasant smell. From the oleomargarine, however, came the nasty and unmistakable stench of burning rancid grease.

"Since I began showing the difference between and oleomargarine," said the dealer, as he sniffed out the wicks, "my business has doubled."—*Philadelphia Times.*

## FANWOOD.

### A Former Supervisor Heard From.

#### A SCENE IN BLACKVILLE.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The following was taken from the New York World, of the 5th, which relates to Mr. Steinson, a former supervisor of Fanwood.

The District School in Guttenberg, N. J., is a rough board house situated in a deep ravine that is washed out at every rain. The roads leading to the school-house are so rough and rugged that some of the scholars carry alpine stocks, and in very bad weather the janitor does not open the school, because he knows that none of the scholars will attend. There is only one classroom, which is fitted up with a black-board, a map of Africa and a chart of Hudson County.

For more than two years, Mr. George Steinson had charge of the school. The School Board held a caucus about a month ago, and decided to dispense with his services, and replace him by Mr. Joseph A. D. Gimanche, who was highly recommended to them. They determined to pay him \$500 per year, \$42 more than they paid Mr. Steinson, whom they had not notified of his dismissal.

Mr. Gimanche was to enter upon the duties Friday morning last. He put on a pair of new gloves, and carried a cane when he appeared in the school-room. Teacher Steinson, who is a very little man, was seated at his desk. Removing one of his cloth gloves, Mr. Gimanche smilingly said:

"I am the new teacher."

"The what did you say?" asked Teacher Steinson, looking up from his work.

"I mean that I have been appointed to take your place. Here, you will observe, are my credentials, properly signed. I am to enter upon my work to-day," responded Mr. Gimanche. Without taking the proffered paper Teacher Steinson continued signing the scholars' diaries, while the new teacher remained standing.

"Will you kindly allow me to sit down at the desk?" asked Mr. Gimanche, after an embarrassing silence.

"No, sir; I will not."

"Then I will have to put you out," exclaimed the new teacher.

"If you want this seat you will have to put me out," was the quiet answer.

"I mean that I have been appointed to take your place. Here, you will observe, are my credentials, properly signed. I am to enter upon my work to-day," responded Mr. Gimanche. Without taking the proffered paper Teacher Steinson continued signing the scholars' diaries, while the new teacher remained standing.

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sidered the baby of the school. A six year old Italian, by the name of Corci, has supplied her place, and within our recollection, we believe she is the first female representing sunny Italy that has ever been admitted into this Institution as a pupil.

Alex. Dezenzorf strolled about the Institution grounds last Saturday. He had just been at the Polo grounds, where one of the best games of baseball ever played took place. He is learning book-keeping by order of his parents, in view of getting a government position.

Misses Emma Wells and Fanny G. reth spent Saturday and Sunday with different friends in Brooklyn.

Some time ago, the girls made arrangements for a theatrical entertainment to take place in their sitting room on the 9th inst. They also vowed that it should be kept a secret, and, receiving the hearty co-operation of their sex, consoled themselves with the belief that the gents would be totally ignorant of their contemplations until it was over. As their previous efforts to keep a similar affair a secret had failed and were laughed at, it was evidently their desire to show the boys that "they who laugh last laugh best" was going to turn out in their favor. But true to nature, woman must tell or bust, and so the cat was let out of the bag. We tried to gain admittance to the play last Saturday evening, but were resolutely informed that gents were positively not admitted. The play represented a scene on New Year's Day in Blackville, a town in New Jersey. Corks were used to blacken their faces, and in their disguise it was hard to tell one from another.

The play began by making morning calls on their neighbors. Immense loaves of bread and empty cups and saucers served as refreshments.

One nigger wench seemed greatly displeased with an immense rag baby which she had with her, and the deacon who preached the gospel astounded every body. As every precaution was made to avoid your reporter, we only give the nature of the play—the rest can be imagined to suit those who had a curiosity to see it produced. In the management and act of the jubilee, the fair members of the Jam Club had a prominent part.

A number of officers and teachers witnessed the New Yorks defeat the Chicago in a game of base ball at the Polo Ground, Monday afternoon last.

The annual vacation of the pupils will take place on Thursday, the 25th of June.

Chas. W. Stowell, of Buffalo, N. Y., has entered the poultry business as partner with one of his personal friends.

Two lady friends of Prof. Fox, of Washington, D. C., were at the Institution last Saturday.

Mr. James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute Highlander, would like to know if Miss Gussie Sondberg, Mrs. Frank Roberts, Messrs. Francis Nuber and Eugene Bermond will accept his invitation to attend our exhibition next Tuesday.

William McVea mourns the loss of his thirteen-year old sister Maggie, who died on the evening of Monday last.

A man was killed near the Institution last Monday from a derrick falling on him.

It is reported that Frank Jourdan, who took advantage of the Easter holidays by getting work, will not return to school.

It is said that a party of Fanwood graduates met in Brooklyn last week, and during a drunken quarrel, one had a narrow escape from being shot to death. One of them was in the act of leveling his weapon, when the timely assistance of a friend wrested it from him.

There has been great saving in coal this year, which is due to the economical plans of Engineer Joseph H. Banks.

## AQUILA.

Why Dakota is proud may be judged from the annexed statement; It has 2,500 miles of railway, more than any one of twenty states; 2,000 school houses, more than any one of fifteen states; 575 newspapers, more than any New England state except Massachusetts, or any Eastern State except New York and Pennsylvania. In the number of Postoffices it ranks above twenty-three states and territories and pays more revenue to the Postoffice Department than any one of thirty-two states, and it has a population as large as Nebraska or Connecticut and nearly twice as large as Vermont or Florida.

## CINCINNATI.

### News, Notes and Notions.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

Rev. Job Turner was a visitor at the Cincinnati Day School a couple of weeks ago, looking hale and hearty, and well pleased apparently with the way the world was being managed.

About all the mutes in this locality are getting along very well. None of "the boys" are out of work.

Ever since its formation, the Anderson Society has been one of the most free and easy organizations in existence. The officers attended when they felt like it; some of the members were not seen at its meetings for months at a time, and the hall became the resort of a set of small boys who constituted a disturbing element. At its last meeting, however, a new order of things was inaugurated. Hereafter, any officer, not present at roll call, will be fined, any member absent three consecutive times will also be assessed, and male mutes, (non-members,) residing within the city limits, will be charged an admission fee. The sergeant-at-arms was provided with a thousand bricks to throw at any one who says "starch!" (Colorado correspondent, please make a mem. of this item.)

The talk of holding the reunion of the Ohio Alumni Association in this city caused a rumor that the management of the Ohio Institute would not allow it to be held there. The rumor seems to have been unfounded, and the talk was stopped.

It seems that the mutes of this city are an exceptionally healthy lot. Out of thirty-eight members on the roll of the society, only one has made application for the sick benefit allowed by the Constitution during the six months. During the same period, however, the running expenses of the Society exceeded the receipts by about \$48, and the writer here presents his debt to the most astute detective this side of the Styx, to find who did it or what did it. There are things in the vale of tears beyond the comprehension of us poor mortals.

The JOURNAL has suffered a heavy loss by the retirement of "Mercury" from its corps of correspondents. There isn't another mute in town who has such an extensive knowledge of everything concerning the mute community at large, or that could give and take in the same happy style. It is to be hoped that his health, which has slightly improved since he quit the confinement of a printing office, will allow him to again take up the pen at an early date. "Mercury" is a household word in nearly every mute family in the country. The readers will recognize that this is not taffy, neither is there a string on it. It's just fact.

I must confess that it is with some nervousness that I make my bow. Everybody is sure to make unfavorable comparisons between myself and "Mercury," and the other correspondents will probably pounce on this invader of this circle and make it warm for him. But then, as I am only correspondent *pro tempore*, it don't matter so much, and then when "Mercury" gets better the time of retribution will come; so touch me not.

FREE LANCE.

A flagstaff at Mount Vernon, Washington Territory, 146 feet high, is claimed to be one of the longest unspliced spars in the United States.

The strike among the weavers at Kensington, Pa., has now lasted for four months, and it is said that in that time they have lost \$1,000,000 in wages.

The new paper bottles are said to withstand the action of water, wine, and alcohol. It is thought that druggists will be able to furnish them free of charge, just as they provide wrapping paper for dry drugs. The cementing material of the bottles is a mixture of blood, albumen, alum, and lime.

It is not generally known that nutmegs are poisonous, but Dr. Palmer writes to the *American Journal of Pharmacy* detailing the case of a lady who nearly died from eating a nutmeg and a half, and points out the fact that the toxic effects of the drug are described in both the National and United States Dispensatories.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.00. Clubs of ten, \$10.00. If not paid within six months, \$2.00. These prices are invariable. Rem't by post of. No money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known on application.

In our last issue, we made a few comments upon deaf-mute societies. In referring to them we had but one object in view, which was to stimulate the good work which such organizations are capable of doing. We noted that in some cities many of the prominent deaf-mutes held aloof from these deaf-mute literary organizations. We desired that it might be otherwise. Now, while we maintain that encouragement should be given to deaf-mute literary organizations by the better educated, it is only fair to say that there are reasons for the apparent apathy among the most intelligent deaf-mutes, in regard to these organizations. We know it to be a fact that in some of the societies, ignorant deaf-mutes, presuming on the privileges which a like membership affords, are oftentimes inclined to be discourteous to their more intelligent confederates. Youngsters who have scarcely emerged from the narrow confines of the classroom, laboring under the delusion that manhood consists in effrontery towards their elders and an ability to snuck at the ends of lighted cigarettes, will assume an impertinence of demeanor towards intelligent discussion by their superiors in age and in intellect, that would not be tolerated for a moment in any other place or under any other circumstances. It is not strange, then, that intelligent deaf-mutes are reluctant to place themselves in a position where they can be insulted with impunity. Deaf-mute societies will never accomplish half that they should accomplish, until the members learn that courteous attention to all well-meaning effort is the requisite essential to progress and prosperity. A membership in any society entitles the holder to all privileges enjoyed by any other member, but it does not entitle him to abuse those privileges by overreaching them. Among the privileges is an opportunity to improve the mind and multiply the ideas by enlightened conversation and courteous debate. If instead of generous discussion we are to have conceited snobbery, if for polite attention we find impudent disregard, it is hardly likely that educated and self-respecting deaf-mutes will care to be identified with such uncivil company, and no one can complain if they fight shy of such societies, and—

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life, They keep the even tenor of their way."

THE National Deaf-Mute Leader has gone where the woodbine twines. Mr. W. A. Bond has been obliged to discontinue it on account of ill health caused by overwork. No one will deny that he stuck to his work with pluck and courage, and even his enemies will regret to hear that he has been "knocked out" by sickness. We would like Mr. Bond to give a short statement of the amount of gratitude and dollars that has been secured to him during his seven long years of uphill work, so that deaf-mutes may learn how well it pays to run a newspaper for them.

The Maryland Bulletin publishes an article which shows how glass may be cut, when held under water, by an ordinary pair of scissors. Of course this information is for the benefit of readers only, as the editor of the Bulletin can always use his diamond. None of the editors of our little papers need feel offended at the rashness of our Maryland brother, for publishing such a vulgar method of glass-cutting. The article does not refer to them—only to poor people who have no diamonds.

We publish in this issue an extended account of the Presentation Day exercises at the National Deaf-Mute College. Our readers will find it very interesting, both as a matter of news and as demonstrating the high state of intellectual culture obtainable at the leading deaf-mute educational institution in the civilized world. We regret that all of the orations can not be published in the present number, but will print them in succeeding issues.

## ITEMIZER.

### News From Every State in the Union.

#### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The New Yorker*.

Mr. E. R. Carroll will not go to New Orleans as reported.

J. P. J. Treach is special artist of a new paper called *The Stage*.

W. R. Cullingworth paid a short visit to Abraham F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, Ct., recently.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Louis Huff, a printer, who formerly held a case in Denver, Col.

Messrs. Leslie G. Marshall and Richard D. Martin have returned to the Howe sewing machine shop, in Bridgeport, Ct.

A little stranger appeared at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Lander, of Akron, N. Y., two weeks ago. It is a girl, and weighs 12 pounds.

The mother of Mrs. E. D. Denny, of Worcester, Mass., was born in all last winter. She is nearly 98 years old.

Robert M. Patterson wants to know the whereabouts of a mute hod-carrier, named Patrick Cunningham, who is reported to be in Denver, Col.

It was erroneously stated in last number of the JOURNAL that Mr. E. Souweine is the Secretary of the Gallaudet Club. Mr. C. R. Thomson is the secretary of that Club.

Mr. Frederick Browning, of Byron, N. Y., and Miss Carrie Haller, of Batavia, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Lander, some time ago. Edward F. Collins is working in a cooper shop with Mr. Lander.

The husband of Mrs. Mary A. Tanter, of Georgetown, N. Y., is sick with consumption and not expected to live long. They rented their 50-acre farm for three years, at an annual rental of \$200.

Leslie G. Marshall's son was not expelled from the American Asylum, but taken home for the purpose of being educated by the Bell System of Visible Speech. So says Abraham F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, Ct.

Messrs. Stanford Smith and Robert Julian, two enterprising deaf-mutes, from the Raleigh Asylum, have opened a shoe shop in our town. They do good work and on reasonable terms. They are awright, and we hope they will do well to the last—*The Home, Pittsboro, N. C.*

A little deaf and dumb girl in Cleveland, Ohio, said: "Through the assistance of Rev. A. W. Mann, aged mother of W. D. Edwards was brought to St. Louis, where she is now kindly taken care of. We love Rev. Mann, because he is a kind-hearted man and teaches us about God."

The following is from the *Brown University Chronicle*, and is quite complimentary to the gentleman named. "The poor accommodations at Potter's photograph gallery, and the resultant disadvantages to each Bros. and their patrons, have been disagreeable to say the least, but Mr. Alexander L. Pach has been a perpetual blessing to the discouraged sitters by his pleasant conversation, and many men in the senior class especially have very kindly recollections of Mr. Pach. We hope his return to Providence will allow him to help in the celebration of Class Day."

The meeting of the Bridgeport Deaf-Mute Mission was held at the home of Mr. W. D. Manger, on Thursday evening after Easter. After transacting business, the mission elected Mr. Robert D. Beers chairman for the ensuing year, who chose Messrs. M. Seaman and A. F. Marshall committee. The mission has adopted a Bible class and ordered the distribution of the second quarter of the Bible Class catechism of the Congregational Church, among the students this year.

On Sunday, May 3d, Rev. Job Turner was in Louisville, Ky., officiating in the forenoon and afternoon. He left for Washington City, the next night, with the express expectation of meeting the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, there to accompany him to old Virginia, enabling him to give some account of the sign language, the education of deaf-mutes, and the progress of church work among this class of people at the following places: Alexandria, Thursday, May 7th; Warren, Friday, the 8th; Stanton, Sunday, the 10th; Lexington, Wednesday, the 13th; Lynchburg, Thursday, the 14th; Petersburg, Friday, the 15th; Norfolk, Sunday, the 17th; Richmond, Wednesday, the 20th, and the 21st; and Fredericksburg, Friday, the 22d, to end the trip. Dr. Gallaudet is going to New York City for Sunday, the 24th, and Mr. T. to Greensboro, N. C., to hold a combined service the same day, and thence to New Orleans to officiate Sunday, the 31st.

The Clerk's Serious Blunder.

One of the dry-goods stores has lost a customer, one of the handsome clerks has lost his situation, and all through his miserable education at the telephone. The lady in question is deaf and carries a little tin tube, with the usual mouth-piece, to speak into. The other day she came up to the counter, and as a preliminary to the conversation concerning her proposed purchase, she put the tube to her ear and handed the mouthpiece to the clerk. He immediately put his mouth to it and called out "Hello!" and before he recollected himself the customer had flown out of the establishment.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Mrs. S. Strouse and Miss Pauline Well, sisters of Mrs. Moses Heyman, came to New York from Plymouth about three weeks ago, and are now the guests of Mrs. M. Heyman.

Miss Kate A. Getty, one of the teachers of the Illinois Institution, died on Friday, April 24th. Dr. Gillett preached a very eloquent sermon on the following Sunday, in memory of the deceased.

Mr. T. F. Fox will deliver a lecture on Russia, its people, government, etc., in aid of the Guild of Silent Workers, May 19th, in St. Ann's Sunday School room. He will describe how the Russians live, and are governed.

THE OLD FOLKS ALONE.

An old wife sat by the bright fire-side, Swaying thoughtfully to and fro, In an ancient chair whose creaky caw, Told a tale of long ago; While down by her side on the kitchen floor, Stood a basket of worried balls—a score.

The good man dozed off the latest news, Till the fire of the pipe went out, And unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws, Rolled and tangled the balls about; He still sat the wife in the ancient chair, Swaying to and fro in the firelight glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came In her faded eye of blue, Then trickled down in a furrow deep, Like a single drop of dew. So deep the channel, so silent the stream, The good man saw naught but the dimmed eye beam.

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light Of her eye had weary grown, And marvelled he more at the tangled ball, So he said in a gentle tone; "I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow, Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket of woolen wrappings were wont to lay, And now there remained of the goodly pile, But a single pair for him; Then wonder not at the dimmed eye light, There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I cannot but think of the busy feet, Whose wrappings were wont to lay, In the basket waiting the mother's time, Now wandered so far away; How the upright steps to a mother door, Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

For each empty nook in the basket old On the hearth there's an empty seat, And I miss the shadows from off the floor, And the patter of many feet; "Tis for this that a tear gathered o'er my sight At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night."

'T was that far through the forests wild And over the mountains bold, Was a land whose rivers and darkening cares, Were girdled with the fairest gold; Then they first born turned from the cabin door, And I knew that the shadows were only four.

Another went on the foaming wave, And diminished the basket's store, But his feet grew cold, so weary cold, 'Tid never be warm any more; And this work, in its emptiness, seemeth to me To give back no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun And made them a home in its light, And fairy fingers have taken their share And laid it by the fire-side bright; Some other basket their garments fill; But mine! oh, mine is emptier still!

Another—the dearest, the fairest, the best— Was taken by angels away, And clad in a garment that waxeth not old, In a land of continual day, Oh, wonder no more at the dimmed eyesight, While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.

—Selected.

## News from Iowa.

Another mute peddler, named Wm. Wallace, was in Iowa City selling alphabets. He made lots of money by selling them to our merchants and other business men, who can easily get rid of them at five cents for a card. He has a perfect right to sell them, but the sentences he wrote on the other side, are what all will feel ashamed of. Christians will feel it their duty to buy them when they read:

"Charity is a good thing. Do unto us as we do unto others."

John C. Hummer has returned home from Nebraska, where he was in search of a large farm. And he is so much pleased with the country, that he has decided to make it his future home before long.

D. A. Dawey had gone to Cedar Springs again, to work for his brother-in-law.

The folks of W. A. Nelson moved to Dakota last Tuesday, and expect to stay as long as they like the country. Mr. Nelson will stay in Iowa for a time and then go to Dakota. He may change his mind, and go to Nebraska. He has been painting for a man here. He has had to stop painting often on account of too much rain.

We regret to hear that W. G. Ritchie lost a \$400 horse not long ago. As soon as he got out of the buggy, his horse, which noticed a piece of paper on the sidewalk, got frightened and ran away. He still had the reins in his hands, but he fell down because of the speed of the horse, and had to let it go. It was caught about two blocks from the start. The tongue of the buggy was broken. The horse was badly injured. Instead of getting better, it got worse and had to be shot down. We know we would feel bad over the loss of such a good horse, if we were in Mr. Ritchie's place.

A former teacher went West on business, and got off at Council Bluffs just for a visit to his old time friends. The superintendent was asked if he would be kind enough to bring the gentleman to the Institution, which is about three miles from the city. The reply was: "I cannot do it, he knows the way to the school."

G. W. Evans, of Cedar Rapids, is working in the sign and fine work department of Hastings & Allen.

Herbert B. Bryant, whose name is often mentioned in the JOURNAL, is going to have his house painted.

W. A. Nelson has been staying with J. C. Hummer about one week.

Two mutes expect to go Nebraska before long, and will make it their future home for all time to come, if they succeed well.

N.

5-5-85.

# ST. LOUIS.

Still more Base Ball Wind.

## PERSONAL POINTS.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

Jim Jams can't refrain from shouting a little bit over the way our Browns wiped up the green diamond with the mighty (?) Athletics, although we don't want to hurt the feelings of "Poor Mr. Spy." The first game Thursday, the score was St. Louis 13, Athletics 1; next day St. Louis 7, Athletics 6; Saturday St. Louis 8, Athletics 5, and to-day St. Louis 8, Athletics 1. Mr. Spy isn't that a big enough dose to convince you, your pets won't have a show this year? Mr. Spy admits that St. Louis is strong on pitchers and says that the Athletics weak point—such a state of affairs, as it is only a short—since we read in a well known eastern sporting journal, that the Athletics were well high invincible in the pitching department this season, and that their only weak spot was center field? The papers were landing Cushman as the greatest phenomenon in the pitcher's box this year; as the great and only Cushman pitched in the 13 to 1 game, the reader can easily judge how the Browns made him sick when they hit him for twenty base hits with a total of twenty-five. Mr. Spy tries a weak dodge when he says the Athletics can "sing" the ball hard; ha! ha! ha! We think he already repents having made such a rash statement in view of the batting record shown by both clubs—so far, the Athletics can't hold a candle to the Browns in fielding or batting. Also, Mr. Spy remarks that the Athletics have a heavy stock of players. "Yaas," it seems their stock is too heavy for the club's good. Wouldn't it be better, my dear Mr. Spy, to put that effigy of yours truly on the ice, to keep it till the proper time arrives for consigning us to the Lunatic Asylum? We are sadly afraid that Mr. Spy will have to wait till the angel Gabriel toots his trumpet before he sees our pets bring up the tail end of the possession. The Athletics seem to hold a first class mortgage on the tail end for this year, and St. Louis is too polite to take it away from them. In winding this up, we would like to ask if Mr. Spy didn't start the base ball craze, before we had anything to say? If there ever was a more enthusiastic crank than Mr. Spy, we would like to see him. Ta! ta! old boy; don't get mad, but just put a stop to it on your head till the Athletics catch up with the rest.

We noticed Imperator's question, too late to answer him last week, and in reply we candidly acknowledged the Pittsburgh boys are a hard team to beat, if they only had Mountain in addition to their other two crack pitchers, we would not like to take any bets against them. Pittsburgh will probably be second, unless the boys from Porkopolis pull in ahead—first place we stick to it, belongs to our boys, and they are still in the van. Baltimore is the only eastern club we give a thought to in connection with the championship.

There was a good deal of talk lately about organizing a deaf-mute base ball club to take the place of the clippers of a couple of years ago—peace be its ashes. As usual nothing but wind resulted from the talk, although St. Louis has from 15 to 20 lusty young men from which the timber for a really good nine could be selected. Most of the boys seem to prefer to pay a quarter for the privilege of occupying a seat on the side of a hard plank to see a game of base ball, in preference to engaging in the heated sport themselves.

Young Anti-Rep, we would take pleasure in enlightening you in regard to the gun-wood pavement you mention, only there is no such thing laid on Boston street, which is paved with wretched stuff, called macadam, and that particular street makes a pious citizen say naughtily if he has to wade across it on a muddy day. The streets of St. Louis are now being made of granite, which is costly (we should smile at) and said to be durable, but as to being noiseless, goodness gracious! Just come down here and hear a coal wagon rattle over the granite once and see what you think.

Sammy Perinutter, after spending a great deal of time loafing around because he could not get a job soft enough to suit him, concluded to take a job in the cooper shop of Joe Schrandner's uncle. Sam has learned from the flat part of a shingle wielded with great vigor by the angry pa, that loafing don't pay.

St. Louis has two Kentucky boys among her residents. The first one is Matt Lyons, of Louisville, a saddler by trade; he had not been here forty-eight hours before he secured a job in a first class harness shop. He seems to be a gentlemanly, intelligent young man, if appearances go for anything.

The other one is named Mr. Gadbury, his first name escapes our memory, and he also has a No. 1 job at his regular business, type-setting.

By the success of these two mutes we do not by any means intend to say all mutes who come to St. Louis will do well; but any mute contemplating coming here will do well if he writes to one of the officers of the deaf-mute

club, who will take pleasure in finding out for him what the prospects of getting a job here are. We mentioned this before, but repeat it in answer to an inquiry lately made by a country acquaintance.

Solid Muldoon shoots wide of his mark, when he thinks the mute referred to as taking part in the little ruction at Tom Kelly's was Jim Jams; 'tis not worth while saying so anyhow, as our friends know just where we spend our time.

Mr. McCamley thinks if Mr. Solid Muldoon was the one 'in the ring against him, there would not be enough of Mr. S. M. left to fill a cigar box.

We are tired, and doubtless the public is too, so we will say adieu till our next.

JIM JAMS.

## Ajex Replies.

"Nestor," you seem to be one of those shallow-pated fellows, whose chief delight is talking about things, of which you understand little, and who are continually putting their foot in their mouth whenever they open it. If it is possible for such, as you just carry your memory back some fifteen months ago, and recall the address of a retiring president of the Manhattan Literary Association. Did he not among other things say that the association could rightly claim to be the leading society of the kind in America, if not the world? which expression was received with applause, thereby showing that the sentiment was held by nearly all the members of the Manhattan Literary Association, and not by outsiders as you say. Certainly no mute in this vicinity would be guilty of such a sarcasm; just tell any of them such a thing and they will laugh in your face, and none more contemptuously than "X."

A pretty fellow is "Nestor" to set himself up in defense of the M. L. A., as the leading society, etc., when a glance over old JOURNALS will show those who are interested that he while sailing under the *nom-de-plume* "X," not only numerically criticised and ridiculed the venerable association, but sought in every way to create dissension in its ranks. As for "Tuptio," poor little dear, he has been used as a monkey by others, who got him to pick nuts out of the fire, and are now enjoying them and at the same time laughing at his burnt fingers.

"Ajex" is not a member of the M. L. A., and never hinted to that society or any other that he would accept the chairmanship of any committee if he was paid for it.

The Guild of Silent Workers, the only society of its kind in this State which extends a helping hand to the needy and unfortunate among our class, needs no defense from "Nestor" or any one else. "Ajex's" remarks concerning it were made with the hope that its entertainment committee would be stimulated thereby to give the mutes of New York an annual excursion which would be the "event of the season," give much pleasure to its participants and confer honor, glory and cash upon a society which well deserves them. Any kind of entertainment held under the auspices of the Guild could and would be a conducted with a decent regard for public opinion, "Nestor" to the contrary notwithstanding, and this being so generally known, its success, if it held an excursion, is assured beyond a doubt.

ALASKA'S WEALTH.

Edward Roberts, a San Francisco special correspondent, has lately returned from an extended trip to Alaska. Mr. Roberts said that the importance of Alaska was very generally overlooked. In fact, very few people had any idea as to the value of the timber, minerals, and fish of that country.

"In 1876," said Mr. Roberts, "We paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska. The seal islands alone pay a handsome dividend on the investment. These islands are leased by the Alaska Commercial company for \$55,000 a year. In addition a tax of \$2.62 1/2 is collected on each seal-skin shipped from the islands, which, on 100,000 skins, the greatest number the company can take in one year, amounts to \$262,500, making alone, with the rental, a total of \$319,500, or a dividend of a little more than four per cent, on the investment of \$7,200,000."

"How long will the company have a monopoly of this business?"

"The lease will expire in 1887, and at that time the government will have no difficulty in making a new one which will return double the present rental."

"What is the condition of mining in Alaska?"

"The mineral wealth of Alaska is simply beyond computation. Gold of the finest quality exists in unlimited quantities in the quartz of the mountains in various sections. The only question to be solved is regarding its accessibility. Douglas Islands, 100 miles northeast of Sitka, is the centre of mining operations at present. It is owned by San Francisco capitalists, and a 120 stamp mill, the largest in the world, is in operation. Labor is cheap, and there is no reason, aside from distance and the difficulty of getting at the gold quartz, why Alaska should not supply a percentage of the gold mined in America in the future."

Beverly, Mass.

A few ladies of Marblehead held a fair lasting three days for the benefit of the Deaf-Mute School. The pupils of the school took part in the entertainments each night and won the applause of the audience. "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Where are you going my pretty maid?" were sung by some of them. The hall was crowded every night, and some were obliged to go away for lack of room. The proceeds of the fair, expenses paid, amounted to one hundred and fifty four dollars.

# RELIGION.

Letters on religious matters, and religious intelligence of all kinds, will be printed in this column free of charge.

## Love your Enemies.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is a sad thing to notice that a very common and serious evil prevails in the world, and that is, men hating their enemies, knowing not that, by so doing, they make them worse rather than better, unless they are those who serve their dear Master Jesus. In the Bible, wherein we find everything concerning our Saviour Jesus, we can never find Him in any way hating any person. Indeed, He appears to hate those who would not give obedience to His commandments, but, in fact, He loves them all. That is, by the aid of His Spirit in the conscience of men, He warns them about their souls, and also guides them in everything good. By so doing, He leads them to be ashamed of themselves for having done evil to one who suffered so much pain on the cross that their souls may be saved by faith through Him from eternal punishment.

In the above, the work of love is manifested, so is the effect of loving one another, notwithstanding what relation the person is to the other. Among the followers of Christ, there are two classes—1. Those that love Him well, and 2. Those that do not really love Him, when they believe they do. In fact, Jesus commanded us all to "love your enemies," bless them that curse you, do good to them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. 5: 44 and 45), and also says in a very kind and loving manner, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 14: 15, and 15: 14). And the reason why so many persons do not love their enemies is because they have not yet arrived to the understanding as to its result. They believe that their hatred is powerful to cause the enemy to see his error, while in reality it brings hatred from the enemy, and this leads to anger, and sometimes to crime. Jesus, knowing the consequences of such, very kindly and lovingly exhorts us to do good to them that hate you. The only thing to be first done towards an enemy, according to my opinion, is to softly ask what guilt the inquirer possesses, and by so doing he touches the enemy's heart and drives out his anger, and a kind conversation follows which mostly ends in peace. In case the enemy shows the evil of willfulness, pray for them that despitefully use you, as Jesus commands, would be the necessary thing to do; but, as "Faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone" (James 2: 27), some kind of work that the believer in Jesus should consider acceptable to God must be done also.

Some Christians would hate another Christian, and this should never be done, because, through the apostle Paul, Jesus advises us all to "Let brotherly love continue" (1 John 4: 1). For Christians to become enemies among themselves, gives much harm to Christ in His cause. It does not please Him, nor does it show love to Him.

Therefore, in order to love Jesus Christ, we must keep His commandments, and His commandments are: "Love one another" and "Love your enemies." If we do not love one another, even our enemies, we know not God.

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." (1 John 4: 8).

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." (1 John 4: 20).

A. W. O.

## NOTICES.

The Catholic deaf-mutes, of Brooklyn, are cordially invited to attend the Sunday school in the School building, connected with St. Charles Church, Sidney Place, between Livingston and State Streets, every Sunday, at 3 p.m.

Services in the sign-language will be held, God willing, on Sunday, May 17th, as follows:

The Rev. A. W. Mann will preach in Grace chapel, Jersey City, N. J., at 11 a.m. All mutes, of Jersey City and the vicinity are earnestly invited to attend. At 2:30 p.m., service in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

Rev. Messrs. Heermans and Mann conducted a combined service at Ottawa, Illinois, on Thursday evening, April 30th.

Bishop Seymour confirmed two deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, Alton, Illinois, on Easter Day. They were presented by the rector, the Reverend E. M. S. Taylor.

Bishop Harris confirmed a young deaf-mute lady, at St. John's Church, Saginaw City, Mich., on March 15th.

There is a church in London, England, devoted specially to deaf-mutes. It is situated on Oxford Street. It is entirely fire-proof and a most beautiful specimen of architecture. The ground on which it stands was donated by the Duke of Westminster.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The base ball season is now in full blast. The New York club leads the League.

The Half-Breed Indians of Northern Canada are holding the government troops at bay. They are strongly entrenched, and continue to defy the Canadian soldiers.

A LARGE fire is burning in some valuable timber at Stony Brook, L. I. The neighborhood is greatly alarmed and all the villagers are out protecting their property, but with little success.

MR. EHRINGTON, the English representative at the Vatican, is reported to have failed to persuade the Pope to appoint Dr. Walsh to the bishopric of Dublin, and to have left for London in order to consult with his Government.

ANOTHER row between Orangemen and Roman Catholics has just occurred at Conception Bay, Canada. Knives were drawn and great violence exhibited on both sides; but the authorities succeeded in quelling the disturbance before it reached unmanageable dimensions.

A SPECIAL from Canton, Ohio, says:—"The coal operators at Arden, Ohio, have withdrawn the notice of a ten cent reduction posted one week ago. The 500 miners who would have been affected by the reduction will continue at work. The strike at other points in the Canollon district continues, and there are no signs of a settlement."

A DESPATCH from Boonville, N. Y., says that snow to the depth of two feet still remains in the woods of the Adirondack forests about here. The ice in the lakes still remains solid and will not break up, apparently, much before June 1. Sporting men and camp owners are anxiously awaiting clear sailing on the lakes.

THE British government have cabled the Governor General of Canada authorizing the payment of £100 sterling to each of the widows of the Canadian voyageurs who lost their lives on the Nile expedition with Lord Wolseley, and \$50 sterling to the mothers who have been left in destitute circumstances by the loss of sons who accompanied the expedition.

A SPECIAL from Eau Claire, Wis., says:—"Fifty men who were laying pipes for the water works were overpowered by a crowd of two hundred laborers and forced to quit work. The crowd marched to the Pioneer and also to the Sherman sawmills and forced them to shut down. Some violence was used, and the strikers arrived except Eau Claire Lumber Company, whose mills are still running. The demand of the strikers is for \$1.50 per day.

REPORTS from various points in the counties along the Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia, where forest fires have been raging for the past two weeks, show that several dwellings have been destroyed and many others endangered. The house of Thomas Hawkins, a farmer of Frazzwell county, caught fire at night and the fire was so far advanced before discovered that the inmates of the burning building narrowly escaped, except one child four years old, which perished in the flames. The recent rains have put out most of the fires.

THERE was a rush at Castle Garden last Saturday. Five steamers landed 3,987 immigrants, of many nationalities, and the rotunda was full of a motley company. It was after nightfall before all the day's arrivals were forwarded to the West in the emigrants. The Belgians, from Antwerp, landed 741; the State of Pennsylvania, from Glasgow, brought 376; the Fulda







## MORE NEWS ABOUT THE STRIKE

croaker. What is a croaker? A frog. True; but a frog is useful. He can be eaten. The real croaker cannot be eaten, and is therefore useless,—except as a warning. As a pole is stuck in a quagmire to warn travellers, so is a croaker a warning of his own mental dyspepsia. He makes a passable scare-crow. It is strange that a croaker can live in Missonri. Not that people should lynch him. We must not be understood as openly advocating any such measure. But

thoughts, with others awakened by it, intensified my emotions to the point of a commemorative poem, which only the crowded state of my mind prevented from assuming such a visible form as those who value the watch might think appropriate. Generally, when preparations to erect a costly monument to some one who has done some good in their lifetime are made, I do not grow enthusiastic, as I think they have done no more than

The boys of Alabama Institution went to Talladega Creek, and caught sixty-five large fish with a seine.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**

On the 12th ult., the Worcester Deaf-Mute Christian Union had a very nice service, by Prof. A. S. Clark, of Hartford. His text was "Be watchful."

We shall have another meeting on

Station M, New York City.  
9-6mo.

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W. R. Cullingworth,  
710 Tremont Place,

## GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERA

Meets every week, Thursday evening, 7 sharp, in the Hector Street Chapel, in Hector Street near Park Street. The officers of Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice-President, Jacob Gottscheimer; Treasurer, George Kinsey; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Housel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 12 Thomas Street, New York.

## THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUT

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF -  
PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH

PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in the Men's Christian Association, on Sixth street near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also have Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Ministers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the work of the association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, 619 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Edward McConvill, *Chairman*,  
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